

### WASN'T I SCARED!

Some girls have fellows, a dozen or so,  
Before being caught for a wife;  
While I never had but just one little  
bean  
In all my maidenly life.  
I, somehow, was always afraid of the  
boys.  
Tho' I really don't know what I  
feared;  
And when he first hinted of love and  
its joys—  
Oh, mamma, but wasn't I scared!  
We sat in the parlor, one Saturday  
night,  
The sofa seemed terribly small;  
He turned down the lamp till its flick-  
ering light  
Would scarce cast a shadow at all.  
Then softly and timidly taking my  
hand,  
He squeezed it as hard as he dared;  
I knew he was going to say some-  
thing, and—  
Oh, mamma, but wasn't I scared!  
In tenderest accents he called me his  
dear,  
The sweetest young creature on  
earth,  
I never before felt so nervous and  
queer.  
As then since the day of my birth  
He drew me up close to his quivering  
breast,  
I struggled and asked how he cared;  
And when on my lips his warm kisses  
he pressed—  
Oh, mamma, but wasn't I scared!  
The day of our wedding, each maid-  
enly dream  
Said things which I thought were  
not nice;  
And every old dame in the neighbor-  
hood came  
To offer me words of advice,  
When asked if I'd love and cherish  
through life,  
At one ponder I stupidly stared;  
And when I was told I was really his  
wife—  
Oh, mamma, but wasn't I scared!  
The wedding was over, the guests had  
all gone,  
Papa wound the clock up and said,  
With a stretch of his arms and a ter-  
rible yawn:  
"It's time honest folks were in bed!"  
I looked at mamma, in confusion, and  
she  
Said our room overhead was pre-  
pared;  
And when Charlie looked sorter  
sleepish at me—  
Oh, mamma, but wasn't I scared!

### A LOCAL PARAGRAPH.

By Edgar Temple Field.

"The time has come for the American people to act. Shall 50,000,000 patriots sit sullenly by and let conscienceless rascals tear the stars of glory from the flag they love and trample its proud folds of crimson and white into the mire of national dishonor? Not while the deeds of '76 still shine through the mists of years in unexampled splendor. Not while the memories of '61 yet live in the hearts that thrilled with the stress of that heroic struggle. Not while—" Joel Snively, editor of the Meloogie Monitor, laid down his pen with a sigh.

Outside the dusty little window the green waters of the bay were sparkling in the sunshine. A keen north breeze was driving great huddling masses of white-shouldered clouds over a field of dazzling azure, and only a man who loved the sport with the whole-souled earnestness that filled his entire being could know how the fish must be biting on such morning! Oh, to be out on that gleaming expanse, armed with rod and line, with only the sun and clouds for company and a thousand pounds or so of gamy finned vertebrates playing about within reach of his cunning hook.

But also, it was Friday morning. On Saturday some 200 impatient subscribers would expect the weekly dish of personal, political and intellectual pabulum which his facile pen had long served up to them on that day, with more or less punctuality, according to the

season. His duty clearly held him to his post at such a time, however much his inclinations might have led him elsewhere.

So, with another lingering glance at the scene without, Mr. Snively took up his pen and resumed the stirring appeal which was to awaken 50,000,000 patriots to action, and incidentally convince the republicans of Meloogie that it was their duty to vote for Joe Gridley for poundmaster.

So engrossed did the editor become in this pleasing task that he did not hear a step upon the creaking stair a little later. If he had he would have known at once that it was a woman and a lady that was approaching, for long and awful experience had enabled Mr. Snively to determine with unerring accuracy what sort of a person was climbing the somewhat perilous ascent to the editorial sanctum almost as soon as his foot touched the first step.

But for once the editor did not hear the soft footfall on the stair, so he was very much surprised and not a little disconcerted when a fresh, sweet voice, almost at his elbow, said: "Good morning, Mr. Snively," and looking up he beheld his neighbor, Mrs. Tracy, her plump figure buttoned into the trimmest of blue serge yachting suits, her smiling face shaded by a wide-brimmed hat and in her hand a fish pole, jointed, brass-tipped, elegant—the very perfection of dainty uselessness.

Without waiting for a response to her greeting she briefly made known her errand. She was anxious for a day's fishing, and had been told of an Elysian spot, where the fish were so plentiful they were actually to be had for the asking, unluckily, however, her own boat had not come, so she had ventured to ask if, in case he was not using it, Mr. Snively would be so kind as to lend her his yawl, it being impossible to hire one in the village.

Mr. Snively was delighted. Mrs. Tracy was a pretty widow of uncertain age but no uncertain charm, who had taken the cottage next to the editor's own six months before. In the course of a rather desultory acquaintance the genial bachelor, whose ideas of the fair sex were those common to his kind, had discovered that his fair neighbor was a cheery little body of sound political views and excellent literary tastes (from the first she had been a prompt and paying subscriber to the Monitor), but beyond that his imagination had not soared. Now, however, behold the pretty widow invested with a wholly new interest. She was fond of fishing!

Eagerly Mr. Snively assured his visitor of his pleasure in putting his boat at her disposal and gave her exhaustive directions as to the means of obtaining it. A delightful half hour of conversation followed. As though it were a magician's wand the dainty fish pole had placed the editor and his guest at once on terms of the most charming intimacy and the former didn't remember ever to have enjoyed a conversation so much in his life, albeit the talk was wholly of reels and rods and spoon hooks and other instruments of slaughter.

All things, however, are bound to come to an end, especially in an editorial office, so it wasn't long before Mrs.

Tracy took her leave, escorted down the stairway by her delighted host.

At the door they were met by a spicy breeze straight from the pine woods across the bay. Mr. Snively sighed.

"Where is this wonderful place you are going to?" he asked.

"Ah, that's a secret," she replied, gayly. "I promised I'd never, never tell."

"Oh, well, then I suppose it's a crime to even guess." And once more the editor sighed as he glanced out at the sparkling waters.

"But you've been so kind," exclaimed the widow, noting the sigh and immediately filled with compunction. "It seems ungracious of me to keep it from you who love so to fish." And then as she saw him give another wistful glance bayward she burst out, impulsively: "Promise not to betray me and I'll tell you—it's Patchang lake!" "Patchang?" cried Mr. Snively, in surprise. "Why, I never heard of a fish down there in my life."

"That's the charm of it," she rejoined, gleefully, "and the man who told me about it (such a dear, dirty, old fisherman he was) was fearfully afraid some one else would find it out; so don't betray me." And she hurried away with a parting smile that made the dusty office seem duller than ever when he got back to it and reluctantly commenced setting up his editorial. For Mr. Snively constituted the whole working force of the Monitor.

And his task, too, seemed harder than ever after the interruption. Thoughts of his pretty visitor kept intruding themselves into the minds of his most impassioned appeals to the voters of Meloogie.

How blue her eyes were and what bewitching little rings of hair the wind had blown up under the big hat.

And then the fishing.

The editor of the Monitor shook his head. Could it be possible any man living could have a soul so lost to honor as to play a joke on a woman who looked like that? It seemed impossible, and yet Mr. Snively was sure there wasn't a fish within a mile of Patchang.

Perhaps even then Mrs. Tracy was sitting in that yawl vainly waiting for the bite he felt certain she wouldn't get if she sat there till the United States got an honest government. And he was actually staying at home and deliberately abandoning a friend to such a fate!

As this agonizing thought occurred to Mr. Snively he dropped his type and started for the door. But once there he paused and slowly returned to his form, only to find it more and more impossible to keep his mind on his work.

At last he gave up in despair.

Taking a hasty survey of what he'd already accomplished he found his columns tolerably full, with the exception of perhaps a single paragraph on the local page. By hard work the following morning he might hope to set up his pages and would trust to luck for the missing paragraph.

Like all fishermen, Mr. Snively was a man of action when he chose, and within five minutes of this calculation he had locked up the editorial department and was on his way to Patchang lake.

When he reached that shallow sheet of water a little lady in blue serge sat in a boat in the center thereof, with an expression of virtuous indignation on her sunburnt features.

"What luck?" called the editor from the shore.

"Luck!" cried the fair sports-woman, dolefully. "There is not enough water in this lake to catch cold in, much less a fish. All I've got for my trouble is a mighty poor opinion of fishermen in general and one dirty one in particular."

"Come over here," said Snively. "I know a pond not a thousand miles away where the fish bite like mosquitoes. If you'll try it I think I can raise your opinion of fishermen before I'm a day older."

"I can't," confessed the widow, blushing with anger and mortification. "I'm stuck—in the mud."

One moment the man of letters hesitated on the bank, and then, with an inward prayer that he might at least be spared to get out that week's paper, he waded boldly into the expanse of treacherous mud that rolled between him and the beauty in distress. \*\*\*

The next morning the editor walked into the Monitor office clad in his Sunday clothes. With his accustomed methodical neatness he pulled off his coat, hung it behind the door, and carefully drew on over his linen sleeves a pair of black alpaca ones. Then he lighted his pipe and took his place at the form.

There, just as he had left it, was the vacant space at the end of the local column still yawning for the missing paragraph.

Mr. Snively regarded it for a few minutes reflectively—then he took up his pen, as a smile gradually spread itself over his face until it reached his eyes. It still lingered there when a little later he finished, and paused to glance over his work.

What he read was this:

"The editor of the Monitor, after many years of bachelorhood, has had the good fortune to incur the risks and responsibilities of matrimony. He was married this morning to Mrs. Gertrude Tracy, of Elm cottage, and asks the congratulations and good wishes of his subscribers in this the happiest hour of his life.—Chicago Herald.

### DAVE BALL.

"The Sweet Springs Herald, a Dockery worshiper, says: 'Dave Ball would make the people of Missouri believe he never held office in his whole life.' Here is his record: He was four years city attorney of his home town, Louisiana, four years prosecuting attorney of Pike county, six years a state senator, and has been a candidate every four years for the last twenty years for state office." The truth is that Dave was city attorney of Louisiana for one year at the enormous salary of \$300 a year, served four years as prosecuting attorney of Pike county at a salary of \$1200 a year, and four years as state senator with \$700 pay making a total of \$5,800 while Mr. Dockery has served sixteen years in congress and drew \$80,000 salary and \$16,000 mileage. Neither has Mr. Ball been a candidate for state office for twenty years as he returned from the senate just ten years ago.—Louisiana Press.

### A BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS.

If girl babies always stayed babies women would tell the truth about their age.

When a woman is knocked she puts on her clothes and laughs; when she is flat below her chin she doesn't cry, because she can fix that, too.

One good thing about a woman's clothes is that she can have awful short legs and appear distinguished, but when a man has got them he is just squat.

If it was the fashion to do it a woman would come out of swimming in only a pair of stockings; a man would be bashful about it even if he had on a dumb-bell diving suit.

When a young woman sets out to shock a man she is unlucky if she doesn't get shocked herself.

It is almost always easier for a woman to like a man she doesn't trust than to trust a man she likes.

If they were named anything else a woman would have just as queer a look in her face when she talked about her legs.

Every racy story a man hears he acts like it was old to him, and every woman like it was new to her, and both are making believe.

The difference between a woman and a cat is that when you tease the cat you know she'll scratch you, but when it's a woman you never know whether she'll kiss you or tear your eyes out.—New York Press.

Ex-Governor Stone, in his late speech at Bancroft, voices the sentiment of every true Missourian in his scorching denunciation of the Globe Democrat. It is a pity that the people of this state have tolerated the slanders of this paper for so many years. We are also pleased to see him hit another Missouri disgrace, Col. William H. Phelps, and we hope it will be continued until he is driven from the legislative halls as a poisonous reptile would be from one's domicile. It ought to be enough to disfranchise a Democrat to be found guilty of reading the Globe, and a penitentiary offense for any member of the legislature to hold converse or be caught in the company of the noted lobbyist and corruptionist.—Moberly Democrat.

A woman notary public in Colorado, who was recently married, asked the attorney general what name she should use officially in the future. He replied that she must sign all documents as before her marriage, for he finds no law compelling or even authorizing a woman to drop her maiden name on the simple excuse of marriage. In fact, he says there is no authority for a change of name at marriage or any other time.—Shelby Co. Herald.

### August Flower.

"It is a surprising fact," says Prof. Houton, "that in my travels in all parts of the world, for the last ten years, I have met more people having used Green's August Flower than any other remedy, for dyspepsia, deranged liver and stomach, and for constipation. I find for tourists and salesmen, or for persons filling office positions, where headaches and general bad feelings from irregular habits exist, that Green's August Flower is a grand remedy. It does not injure the system by frequent use and is excellent for sour stomachs and indigestion." Sample bottles free at Turner Drug Co. Sold by dealers in all civilized countries.

The cotton mills of the east have formed a combine. There are \$20,000,000 in the purse.